

“NOT WORTHY TO BE COMPARED”

THE STORY OF JOHN AND BETTY STAM

and

“THE MIRACLE BABY”

HELEN PRISCILLA STAM

by

Rev. E. H. HAMILTON

Since the completion of this sketch, we have heard that a larger and more complete story of the life and martyrdom of John and Betty Stam is being prepared by Mrs. Howard Taylor of the China Inland Mission. We know that all who are acquainted with her inspiring biographies (Hudson Taylor, Borden of Yale, Pastor Hsi, et al.) will await with heightened interest this her latest publication.

E. H. HAMILTON

VIA CRUCIS

In Memoriam: To the Rev. John Cornelius Stam,
and Elizabeth Alden Scott Stam, his wife, of the
China Inland Mission; publicly murdered by Chinese
"Reds" (soldiers of Communist Army unit) in
Anhui Province, at Miao Sheo, the forenoon of
8th December, 1934, "on a hill outside the city wall".

"Lai, Lai, Lai*!! See the Foreign Devils die!"

All the hate of hell did swell in that cursed cry!

Down the street the rabble soldiers rush pell mell,

They the pride of Moscow, they the spawn of hell;

They the soulless kin of those who once did yell—

"Crucify! Crucify!!"

"Shame, Shame, Shame!" cried the people as they came;

"You must not kill the Jesus folk—they are not to blame.

They're good to everyone, and they love us all, we feel——"

The soldiers curse the people. Now a Christian man does kneel
To plead for them, and bleed, all heedless of the steel,

Himself to die for Jesus' Name.

See, See, See: there are not two, but three,

Who tread this day in Old Cathay the road to Calvary.

Christ's is the light that lights the eye,

As forth they go for Him, to die——

"To die is gain";

Christ's is the joy that brings a smile

That glorifies their faces while

They suffer pain;

Christ's is the love that breaths a prayer

For the cursing murderers there

'Ere they are slain.

And so they go through the Chinese street;

With bleeding feet they haste to meet

To see the Christ, and reign

With Him eternally.

Suchowfu, Ku., China

December 21, 1934

E. H. Hamilton

* Mandarin for "Come, Come, Come!"

Pronounced as "Lie".

"NOT WORTHY TO BE COMPARED"

A retrospect of the glad sacrifice of a young couple who took the Way of the Cross; and a prospect of the "glory that shall be revealed".

"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us". Rom. 8:18.

What Would You Do? What would you do, if a telegram should come to you saying that your eldest daughter, a bride of fourteen months, with her husband and two month old baby, had all been taken captive by murderous "Red" soldiers?

This is not a hypothetical question, but the actual condition that confronted my friends, Rev. and Mrs. Charles Ernest Scott of Tsinanfu, Shantung Province, China, recently, when (Dec. 10th) they received such a telegram from the China Inland Mission.

Of course you would *pray*, and call upon all your friends to *pray*. But I wonder if you, or I, would have had grace to write the letter which they sent forth that day:

American Presbyterian Mission,
Tsinan, Shantung, North China,
December 11, 1934

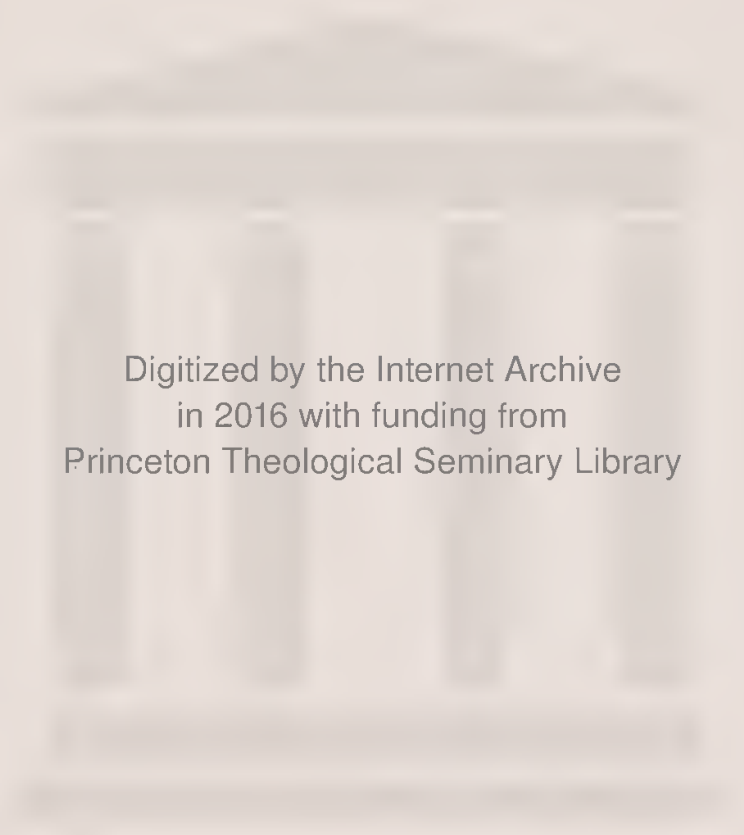
Dear Friend:

At 10:30 last evening came the following telegram:
"SCOTT, PRESBYTERIAN MISSION, TSINAN.

REGRET (TO) REPORT WUHU TELEGRAPHS TSING
TEH, ANHWEI, LOOTED. STAMS REPORTED CAP-
TURED BY COMMUNISTS.



John and Betty Stam



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CHINA INLAND MISSION".

Our last word from them was November 12th, as they were leaving Suan Cheng to man this pioneer station in a lonely mountainous region. Please pray that, if still on earth, Betty and John and the Babe, Helen Priscilla, may soon be released, and in health and safety—provided this is God's will for them.

Sincerely yours,

Charles Ernest Scott

Ps.62:8 "Trust in Him *at all times*; ye people, pour out your heart before Him; God is a refuge for us".

P.S.: A further telegram confirms Stams carried away by Communists.

"Father, if it be possible *nevertheless*, not my will, but Thine, be done".

The Powers of Darkness. And then came the terrible news: "JOHN AND BETTY STAM MURDERED BY REDS IN MIAO SHEO;

NO NEWS OF BABY HELEN". How we suffered with our friends, as we thought of the agony of heart of Dr. and Mrs. Scott over their loss!

And day by day through the press fragments of news came through, until we could piece together the whole awful tragedy: The peaceful little mountain-valley town in southern Anhwei; the sweet little missionary family which had just reached their station, and were settled in a small Chinese house—the only foreigners in all that region; the sudden invasion of a bloodthirsty horde of "Reds" who swept down upon the unsuspecting town from a high mountain pass; an orgy of pillaging, looting, burning, murder, and other unspeakable crimes; wild retreat, as "China's Red Army Marches", laden with loot, the most prized of all their booty being John and Betty Stam, with Baby Helen (not prized for the ransom they

would bring, but for the revenge the Reds could wreak on General Chiang Kai-Shek, who had defeated and scattered their armies in Kiangsi—for surely the cold-blooded murder of Americans would embarrass General Chiang with the foreign governments!) The painful, forced march of fifteen miles to Miao Sheo; no easy march that for the young mother, just two months out of the hospital after a caesarian operation! The long, terrible night of waiting, tied to the foot of a Chinese bed. The next morning the powers of darkness loosed: John and Betty stripped, as was Christ, of nearly all their garments, and driven through the streets by the cursing, jeering, rabble Red soldiers, who call upon the shocked populace to come see the foreign devils die. (“These things the soldiers did”). The cords that cut into the flesh. The stations of the cross. The people pleading for the missionaries, only to be answered with kicks and cursings; and then the procession halting upon a little hill “outside the city wall”. The frenzied haranguing of the youthful Red soldier officers, who accuse the foreigners of assisting their enemy Chiang Kai-Shek in fighting the noble Soviets. One wild young Red more maddened than the rest leaping forward to sever with a knife the bare throat of John; Betty falling in merciful unconsciousness over John’s body, and then the blow that severed her head from the body.

No wonder the horror of it all laid hold of me: by day I could think of little else; and in the middle of the night I would wake to tread with John and Betty that Via Dolorosa. It haunted me, until a ballad of their suffering sang itself out of my heart, at midnight. I called it “Via Crucis”.

A Miracle. And then came a miracle that brought peace out of pain, and light out of darkness. This "miracle" was a letter from "Charles and Clara Scott", enclosing some of Betty's exquisite poems. Their own faith, and the absolute surrender of Betty and John to the will of God, made us lift our eyes from the horror, to see only the exceeding glory! On December 18th, in their Tsinan home, Dr. and Mrs. Scott had held A TRIUMPH SERVICE, "in thanksgiving to God for our two Shining Ones and their testimony, faithful and true, to the power and the love of God, even in facing martyrdom". Dr. Scott wrote, "This service was conducted by the Rev. R. A. Torrey, Jr., dearly loved friend of Betty and John, who performed their marriage ceremony 25th October, 1933. Of the service, a spiritually discerning layman wrote, 'A marvellous and beautiful story perfectly told. With quiet reality it brought me into God's very Presence. Wonderful to join . . . in such whole-hearted thanksgiving to Him whose mercy endureth forever. Their death is in truth a sharing of the Cross of Christ, the same love over against the same evil, and not overcome, but victorious!'"

Great Souls in Grief. From a young girl of our Mission (Southern Presbyterian) who visited in the Scott home as she was enroute to school in Korea, came this intimate picture of how two great souls met a great grief: "We three went to see Dr. Scott yesterday. He is a wonderful man. When they first heard that Betty and John were dead, they sent right over for Dr. Torrey to come over as soon as possible. Dr. Scott told him all he knew at that time; then they both went upstairs to see

Mrs. Scott. Dr. Scott then offered a prayer and in the middle of it he broke down, but he kept right on. Then Dr. Torrey offered a prayer, and in the middle of it he broke down I think. And then dear Mrs. Scott offered a Prayer, and *there was not even a quiver in her voice.* Bunny, her daughter, said that in all this her mother had been given strength. She is a lovely woman in her faith.

“O woman, great is thy faith!” No wonder that friends who in those trying days went to the Scott home to comfort the mother and father of the martyrs, were themselves comforted in soul by Dr. and Mrs. Scott.

Equally beautiful is the faith of the parents of John Stam, Rev. and Mrs. Peter Stam, of the Star of Hope Mission in Paterson, New Jersey. Here is part of a letter written by them right after hearing of the murder of their son and daughter:

Paterson, N.J., U.S.A.,
December 15, 1934

To the Beloved Scott Family,

“For me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain” *Phil.1:21.*

“It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is Thy faithfulness”. *Lam.3:23.*

These words from God’s blessed Book were precious to our beloved children. They are now at rest. They are safe with Him, our glorious Head, our sympathizing High Priest. “Absent from the body (yes), but present with Him”. Hallelujah! He thought them worthy of a martyr’s death. What an honor! What glory will come to Him! We do weep, but underneath our tears is peace and satisfaction. “We now see through a glass darkly; we now know in part.”.....

Beloved, we have daily prayed for you all, that the Lord would be gracious to you, as He is to us. Soon, we believe very soon, we shall see them with Him, who died to save them and us. Oh, that will be glory for us!.....

And in a letter dated later in the month, John's mother wrote:

I am so happy to learn that you in China and we in the U.S. can rejoice in the midst of great trials. Yes, we believe Romans 8:28.

How precious is the Lord, who died to save us and them (2 Cor. 8:9). I am sure the Lord was with them, as He was with Daniel and the three Hebrew worthies. Surely He was with them in life and in death. Betty's motto: "For to me, to live is Christ and to die is gain". How true! How wonderful! In the night watches, I think of their texts.

We are so glad that in the trying moments of their life, they remembered their darling, and that she was rescued. How wonderful, how glorious! And surely God must love those dear Chinese women, and Pastor Lo. Of course we are anxious to hear from you about our darling Helen Priscilla.

Betty and John were surely a testimony in their short life, but a greater testimony in their death. They, being dead, yet speak over the entire world. May much glory come to the Lord, for He must have the preeminence. Yes, may many souls be saved through this dispensation of God's hand. May be in glory we may meet some of these bandits. We pray for them

The Lord bless you dear ones. Daily we remember you in prayer.

Yours lovingly,
(Signed) Mrs. Peter Stam

*Gleams of
Glory* And then even as the beams of the rising sun pierce the darkness of earth, the gleams of the glory of the martyrdom of this "Shining Pair" dispelled all gloom within our hearts.

BETTY First there was their utter surrender to God's will, before they had come to China to witness for Christ. Betty had written to her father". ". . . I surrendered my all, even inmost motive (so far as I know) to God's control". Upon her graduation from Moody Bible Institute, she gave her photograph to many

friends, and on it inscribed: "*My life motto—'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain'*" (Phil. I:21) And in a great farewell meeting held at Philadelphia, her last words were: "*Whether living or dying, I am the Lord's*". Two of her poems especially reveal the depth and beauty of her loving surrender to Christ: "*My Testimony*", and "*I Will Love Thee, O Lord, My Strength*".

MY TESTIMONY

(*On decision made for Service in China*)

I.

And shall I fear
That there is anything
That men hold dear
Thou wouldst deprive me of,
And nothing give in place?

II.

That is not so,
For I can see Thy face;
I hear Thee now:
"My child, *I died for thee*;
And, if the gift
Of love and life you took from me,
Shall I one precious thing
Withhold to all eternity—
One beautiful and bright,
One pure and precious thing, withhold—
It cannot be".

Elizabeth Alden Scott

M.B.I. February 22, 1929
(Betty's 22nd birthday)

"I WILL LOVE THEE, O LORD, MY STRENGTH"

(*Lines of Self-dedication to Christ*)

O Jesus Christ, Thou Son of God,
And Son of Man;
Thy love no angel understands,
Nor mortal can!
Thy strength of soul, Thy cleanest purity,
Thy understanding heart of sympathy;
The vigor of Thy mind, Thy poetry,

Thy Heavenly wisdom, Thy simplicity—
 Such sweetness and such power in harmony!
 Thy perfect oneness with Thy God above,
 The agony endured to show Thy love!
 Thou who didst rise, triumphantly to prove
 Thou art the Living God,
 Before Whom Death and Hell
 Must shake and move!
 Lord Jesus Christ, Thou Son of Man,
 Thou Son of God,
 Grant me Thy face to see,
 Thy voice to hear, Thy glory share,
 Never apart from Thee,
 Ever Thine own to be
 Through all eternity, Amen!

Elizabeth Alden Scott

M.B.I.

Sept. 1928.

JOHN. Equally genuine was John's own surren-
 der to his Lord. In a letter received by his
 father just a few days before the news of the martyrdom,
 he told of the disturbed conditions prevailing through-
 out Anhwei Province, and said he knew the dangers of his
 work, but did not fear them. He enclosed a copy of the
 poem which God had given me after the martyrdom
 of John W. Vinson (Sou. Presbyterian Missionary) three
 years ago. When the bandits had threatened Vinson
 with a gun, and asked, "What, are you not afraid?",
 he had replied, "No, I am not afraid: if you kill me,
 I will go straight to Heaven!" And now another John
 tells his father, "This poem exactly expresses my feelings".

AFRAID? OF WHAT?

Afraid? Of What?

To feel the spirit's glad release?

To pass from pain to perfect peace,

The strife and strain of life to cease?

Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
Afraid to see the Saviour's face,
To hear His welcome, and to trace
The glory gleam from wounds of grace?
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
A flash—a crash—a pierced heart;
Darkness—light—O Heaven's art!
A wound of His a counterpart!
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
To enter into Heaven's rest,
And yet to serve the Master blest,
From service good to service best?
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
To do by death what life could not—
Baptize with blood a stony plot,
Till souls shall blossom from the spot?
Afraid—of that?

E. H. HAMILTON.

John's Last Letter The same calm spirit held John as he wrote his last letters, after he and Betty were actually in the hands of the Communists:

Tsingteh, Anhwei,
December 6, 1934

China Inland Mission,
Shanghai.

Dear Brethren :

My wife, baby and myself are today in the hands of the Communists in the city of Tsingteh. Their demand is twenty thousand dollars for our release.

All our possessions and stores are in their hands, but we praise God for peace in our hearts, and for a meal tonight. God grant you wisdom in what you do, and us fortitude and courage, and peace of heart. He is able—and a wonderful Friend in such a time.

Things happened so quickly this A.M. They were in the city just a few hours after the everpersistent rumors really became alarming, so that we could not prepare in time. We were just too late.

The Lord bless and guide you and as for us,—may God be glorified, whether by life or by death, (Phil.1:20).

In Him,

John C. Stam

This was written while John and Betty were captives in the Yamen Prison at Tsing Teh. The next day when a prisoner in the Post Office at Miao Sheo, friends surreptitiously slipped him paper and pencil, and he wrote his last letter on earth. (The Post Master in that post office nearly lost his life for being kind to Betty and John):

Miao Sheo, Anhwei,

Dec. 7th, 1934

China Inland Mission,
Dear Brethren,

We are in the hands of the Communists here, being taken from Tsingteh when they passed through yesterday. *I tried to persuade them to let my wife and baby go back from Tsingteh with a letter to you, but they wouldn't let her, and so we both made the trip to Miao Sheo today, my wife travelling part of the way on a horse.*

They want \$20,000 before they will free us, which we have told them we are sure will not be paid. Famine relief money, and our personal money and effects are all in their hands.

God give you wisdom in what to do, and give us grace and fortitude. He is able.

Yours in Him,

(Signed) John C. Stam

TRULY JOHN AND BETTY WERE TWO "OF WHOM THE WORLD WAS NOT WORTHY."

"*Splendor of God*" And now in ever brightening "*splendor of God*" shine beams of glory out of the darkness and shame of the tragedy: Instance their brave smiles as they were driven along the

road on the fifteen mile retreat to Miao Sheo. On the way, when asked by an acquaintance where they were going, they smiled, and replied; "We do not know where these are going; but we are on our way to Heaven". The kindness of the natives, even to the point of pleading for the "foreign devils" in the face of cursings and abuse. The released prisoner who gave his own life that Baby Helen might be spared! (God's wonderful care of this "Miracle Baby" demands a separate chapter). The Chinese Christian, Mr. Chiang Shu-Sen, stepping out of his little medicine shop to kneel in pleading for his "Shepherd" before the fury of those blood-thirsty men, himself to die for Christ. (And to think that John Stam and the Chinese evangelist had been praying for this weak brother, whom they feared had forsaken Christ and gone over to the Reds!) The courage of Mr. Lo the Colporteur, who risked capture and death to return to Miao Sheo, when he heard of the murder of his friends; the tenderness with which he and a dear old Christian lady (Miao Sheo's first convert) "prepared the bodies for the burial", she most probably giving up her own coffin and another coffin prepared for an elder in her family. (The Chinese often purchase their coffins years in advance of death, as a sort of "insurance"). The little service as the bodies were put into the coffins, which they hid away from the Reds. "They came, not for themselves, but to tell our people of God's love", said the evangelist. "They laid down their lives to bring you the Message of Salvation in Christ. Do not forget their Message". And above all, the likeness of their suffering to that of Him who gave His life on a hill "outside a city wall". "And

I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God. . . and they lived and reigned with Christ”.

The Grain of Wheat All this happened in a tiny valley of an inland province of a far-away country.

Would the world know? And if it knew, would this pleasure-loving, matter-of-fact world care? Hundreds of letters and telegrams to Dr. and Mrs. Scott have made reply, much as this note I have copied: “You must rejoice to know of the wonderful testimony John and Betty’s martyrdom has been to this whole nation. We have marvelled at the way the papers have been willing to print not only the facts, but John’s beautiful letter, and the poem ‘Afraid?’, as well as interviews with the Stam family, in which they were able to testify of their faith”.

Dr. Scott himself writes about their seeming futile sacrifice: “Both done to death, with snarling fury, and in savage contempt. Thus forsooth were the lives of two ‘foreign devils’ snuffed out, ignominiously (to all appearance), and in an unknown corner where their witness could never count. Nevertheless, their victory in Christ has been flashed to all the world; and the mightiest of all challenges flung forth by them to those with youth, health, education, and the love of Christ in their souls,—‘*Come and suffer for the Name*’”.

And they come. When a memorial service for John and Betty Stam was held at Moody Bible Institute, *over seven hundred* young men and women walked forward to the altar pledging themselves to take John’s and Betty’s places as witnesses for Christ, even to the point of death. At Wheaton College over two hundred offered them-

selves to Christ even unto death. And others are following in their train.

And what a challenge is that sacrifice to us who are serving Christ out here in "the regions beyond"! In a recent letter written from far off south Hunan Province, harassed by communists and bandits, Elizabeth and William Blackstone say:

"You've all heard, no doubt, of John and Betty Stam's 'Triumphal Entry' into Heaven. How their wonderful courage and calm in meeting death has inspired and lifted us all, we can't begin to tell you. . . . Oh, we've prayed so through all this upset time that God might glorify Himself through us; but we're sure we could never meet death with the triumph and victory those two did. The way of Christ in China is the way of the Cross, and they made a blazing glory of that way. How many of the Chinese in that section will become Christians through their death nobody knows. As long as Christians can out-live and out-die those who do not know the 'Resurrection Life', nothing can stop its spread.

And after telling about perils from Reds and from bandits, especially in this famine year in Hunan, they add:

" . . . We've most anything but calm most of the time, but somehow since the Stam's heroism, we've learned a deeper meaning of trusting. It's meant greater joy for us, just to realize that God loves us more than we can possibly love each other, and 'all things work together for good to them that love the Lord'. *In the end everything will be for His greatest glory—and we don't want anything else*".

*"Lead on, O King Eternal, We follow, not with fears,
For gladness breaks like morning where'er Thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us: we journey in its light;
The crown awaits the conquest; lead on, O God of Might"*.

Suchowfu, Kiangsu, China,
Jan.-March, 1935.



Helen Priscilla Stam, safely delivered at the C.I.M. Home Wuhu, in the basket and clothes in which she lived during those wild and uncertain days of flight from the fury of the Reds. The outfit was made by Betty Stam, and in it she dressed Helen Priscilla the fatal morn after the Reds broke into their town.



How Evangelist Lo carried Helen Priscilla and his own baby for days, and hid them from the Reds. The baskets of precious contents safely delivered at the C.I.M. Home, Wuhu, late December, 1934.

Left to right: Evangelist Lo, Nurse who attended at birth of Helen Priscilla (Sept. 11, 1934), Rev. Geo. Birch, (C.I.M.), Mrs. Lo, and Dr. Brown (Wuhu Hospital).

THE MIRACLE BABY—
HELEN PRISCILLA STAM

(Sequel to: "Not Worthy to be Compared"—

At 3:15 P.M., September 11th, 1934, in the Mission Hospital in the old city of Wuhu, in the Yangtse Valley, China, wee Helen Priscilla Stam gave her first little cry. Her mother had gone into the "valley of the shadow" to give birth to baby Helen; and only the skill of a consecrated missionary surgeon, Dr. Hyla S. Watters, in performing the Caesarian operation, saved the life of the mother and the baby. But now, thank God! that wee baby cry, and the quiet breathing of the mother, told that all was well—and with joy the erstwhile anxious father sent a telegram to the baby's grandparents in Tsinan, Shantung (Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Scott): "Helen Priscilla born 3:15 p.m. today. Mother and babe doing well—John". The telegram arrived just as they had arisen from their knees as they prayed for their daughter Betty and this tiny baby.

John and Betty Stam, new missionaries of the China Inland Mission, named this miracle of God Helen Priscilla: Helen, after Betty's second sister; and Priscilla, after Priscilla Mullens, her Puritan ancestress, one of the Mayflower band, fourteen generations back, and mother of Elizabeth Alden (for whom Betty Scott had been named).

Grandmother Scott went down to Wuhu to help Betty with her first born babe for two weeks after leaving the hospital. Little did the young mother and the young grandmother dream, as they cuddled and coo'd and goo'd this bit of a baby, that before three months had passed she

would be orphaned for the sake of Christ, her own life saved by the death of an unknown Chinese criminal, and that kindly breasts of unknown Chinese women in a distant town would suckle the babe, while her name was flashed round the earth to an anxious waiting world!

Two happy months went by. And now the little family was ready to move to their distant and lonely station in Southern Anhwei. Leaving Suan Cheng, the railhead, November 12th, they still had sixty-five slow miles overland before reaching their station, Tsinteh, tucked away in the mountains. Baby Helen's daddy had shortly before made a trip there, where he had rented and made somewhat livable a simple Chinese house, which was to be their home for less than three weeks. We can picture their busy life: the young mother not only tending to baby, but also giving that feminine touch to the house that transformed it into a home; the father opening packing-cases of simple furniture, dishes, and food-supplies, including many tins of baby food for Baby Helen.

Then came the fateful morning of December 6th, when Baby Helen was taken suddenly from her morning nap, tucked carefully in a warm pretty "cuddle-bunny", and carried off by her daddy. For the Reds had swept down upon the little town, bringing to the terrorstricken inhabitants a new meaning of the word "Red". The only ones in that city whose hearts were made glad were the prisoners in the jail whose doors were thrown open to let them join their fellow-murderers without. And now once more are fulfilled the words of Christ for John and Betty Stam, with Baby Helen: "Thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not!"

As they were driven through the streets, the baby, frightened by the rifle fire on every hand, began to cry. One Red, more heartless than the rest, struck terror to the heart of John and Betty Stam, with the words: "Let's kill the baby; it gets in our way!". And then God wrought another miracle. It is clear that someone interceded for the baby, and the child's life was not destroyed. But there is a stirring story abroad, told to Rev. Mr. Hanna of the C.I.M. by some who claimed they spoke the truth (but which has yet to be verified). They claimed that from that blood-thirsty horde there stepped forth a man, one of the freed prisoners, who said, "Why kill her? She hasn't done anything to anybody?" Whereupon the Reds shrieked at him, "Are you a Christian?" "No, I a not. I am one of the prisoners you have freed from the jail". (And he was not, in name; for he had not heard of Him who said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends"!)

The Reds cried out, "who will die for this Foreign Devil baby?" "I will", answered this strange "criminal", and then as John and Betty hugged their ransomed baby tighter to their hearts, they saw this man hacked to death before their eyes. And who shall say, if the story is true, that he did not join the thief in Paradise, saved by the blood of Him Whom though he knew not yet he followed? (Dr. Scott is planning a trip to Tsing Teh, and Miao Sheo, later on, after the Red danger has passed entirely, to ascertain the truth of this and other reports. But should this account prove erroneous, it would not affect the many ascertained facts of God's miraculous dealing with Baby Helen Priscilla.)

All the world now knows how John and Betty Stam

trod those two days the Way of the Cross, till they laid down their lives, "beheaded for Jesus' sake" on a little hill outside the city wall of Miao Sheo. And now let us trace Baby Helen's part in the tragedy, as told by the Rev. Howard Van Dyck, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in Wuhu:

"But what of the baby girl? The parents with hands bound had walked calmly to their death. But, leaving their child behind, what emotions must have surged through that tender mother heart! May we not believe that the same faith which sustained them on that Via Dolorosa also assured her of guardian angels watching over where the young child lay? How else may we account for the fact that for a day and a half that baby remained in a deserted house, unfed, uncared for by human hands, and yet unharmed? Though neighbors knew she was there, nobody dared bring her out or even speak of her presence, for fear of Red spies. Even when Evangelist Lo returned, only by stealthy pointing to the house was he secretly directed to the child. And there he found the eleven weeks old Helen Priscilla, lying on the bed where her parents had left her, still warmly wrapped in her 'cuddlebunny', and with two five-dollar notes pinned in her garments, eloquent farewell message of a mother's love and care. (These notes paid for the travel of her rescuers, and for the baby's milk, as they carried her back to Wuhu; as we shall see later).

"Of course he took her at once to Mrs. Lo, and and soon found nursing mothers who dared to feed the child. But with spies about, and the whole Red Army only twenty miles away, it was imperative to flee, so the little family . . . set out at once, carrying on a pole over one man's shoulder two bushel baskets. Mr. Lo's child in one, and Helen Priscilla in the other".

Before we let Mr. Van Dyck describe the journey back to Wuhu, we must note how wonderfully God had prepared to care for His tiny babe. One link in the miracle was Mrs. Lo's being there in Miao Sheo. The Chinese Evangelists usually leave their families at home when they are itinerating, but "Mr. Lo *this time*, for *some unaccountable reason*, took his wife and babe with him from his home in north Anhwei (north of the great

Yangtse) to his pioneer field of work. Had she not been along, Helen Priscilla would probably have perished." Another link in this chain of miracles was the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Lo in Miao Sheo just before the arrival of John and Betty; and still another was the way the only man Christian in the town (who afterward gave his life for John and Betty) secured the release of Evangelist Lo, after the Reds had seized Lo (supposing him to be a local head man) and were about to kill him. Another Providence was the way Lo dared to return to Miao Sheo a day or two later, when he heard that two foreigners had been killed by Reds there.

Mrs. Lo had with her her little boy who two years before had been born in the Hospital at Wuhu. She couldn't nurse it, and there the doctor (perhaps Dr. Hyla Watters) taught her how to prepare dry milk for infant feeding. In gratitude Mrs. Lo named the child "Born-in-the-Hospital Lo". Now in rapid succession, we add three more links to the chain of miracles. (1) At first after Mr. and Mrs. Lo had fled with the two babies, they were able to find nursing mothers, strong and young, along the way. (2) Then when these failed, they found the two \$5.00 bills hidden away in Helen Priscilla's sleeping bag. (Their own money had all been taken by the Communists). And (3) they came upon a little town tucked away in the mountains with a store in it that, strange to say, had a tin of Lactogen (Dry milk powder)! And here God had brought together Helen Priscilla, the money to buy the milk, the tin of dry milk (perhaps the only tin in the county); and the only woman in all that part of China who knew how and when to prepare and give the milk to a baby! If a single link in this long

chain of miracles had been broken, perhaps little Helen Priscilla would not be living today!

Now Mr. Van Dyck will trace for us that long journey back to Wuhu:

"The road they took is very familiar to me, and I can picture their anxious progress among those hills, relieved somewhat when they crossed the sixteen massive arches of San Chi's stone bridge; but troubled again as they glanced at the jagged peaks to their left, thought of the Reds beyond that mountain wall, and wondered if new dangers would intercept them at King Hsien. But those forty miles and that danger point were passed safely, and also the remaining thirty-five miles to Suan Cheng, the railhead, where they exchanged the slow days on foot for swift hours on rail; and brought to Wuhu a week ahead of her parents' coffins, this little bundle of comfort, who is now with Grandma Scott in Shantung."

The doctors in Wuhu had made elaborate preparations to receive the baby. They were amazed at her complete soundness! They later told Dr. Scott that they could not explain naturally how the tiny baby came through such an ordeal safe and well. Logically, they said, she should have died of winter exposure or dysentery; or have suffered greatly from direct and sudden change from her own mother's milk and that of Chinese mothers, to dry powder milk. But here she was, in perfect health! Dr. Scott's comment was: "When the Lord works a miracle, He does it completely!"

Once in Wuhu, the Miracle Baby was cared for by Miss Woolsey, as though it were her very own, before she and Mr. Hanna of the China Inland Mission took Baby Helen on her next long journey, of two days and one night by boat and train from Wuhu to Tsinanfu, Shantung. Hardly anybody in Wuhu knew that the baby was there, and she was carefully guarded while there

and enroute to Shantung by Mr. Hanna himself, for fear of the Reds.

One day a movie man came to Wuhu to take pictures of the baby. He arrived at 11:00 o'clock A. M. The baby had gone to sleep. He asked the nurse to wake her from her nap; but she refused to do that. He was anxious to get the film on a President boat for America the next day. The nurse told him he could come at two o'clock when the baby was awake. The man was all ready to snap the baby when she was brought out of the door. Just as she was brought out, who should walk in at the same moment but Mr. and Mrs. Lo and their family! This was just what the movie man wanted; so he took the pictures, and by using the plane from Nanking to Shanghai, he was able to get the pictures there, in time to catch the steamer for America!

Baby Helen stood the long trip to Tsinan beautifully, arriving there in the same warm, blue "cuddle-bunny" in which her sainted mother had tucked her ere she kissed her and left her in the angel's care back in the old Chinese hut in Anhwei.

"To me it is nothing less than a miracle", wrote the baby's grandmother, Mrs. Scott, "that Baby Helen Priscilla has been spared. My husband said this morning, 'All the hordes of wicked Communists couldn't harm that helpless babe, if it were the Lord's purpose to have her live to glorify His name and show His power'. We know that even more He could have delivered Betty and John from their captors, had that been His will for then. We feel that the care and bringing up of this precious life is a blessed responsibility, and will need the prayers of you all to help us in this great privilege."

One more little picture of the Miracle Baby before we leave her with her adoring grandparents in Tsinan; and this picture is drawn by a young girl who was enroute to Korea to go to school, writing to her mother. (And who can "rave" over a baby more than a young girl?):

"Right after breakfast Edith and I went over to see the World Baby—Helen Priscilla Stam. Mother, when I started to talk to her, she gave me the cutest smile you ever saw in your life. Then after a while, she laughed right out loud. After a while the other kids and Uncle Mac came over. All of us except Uncle Mac saw the baby take her bath. She was the cutest thing. She could hold her head up as well as a six months old baby, and she is only three and a half months. The baby stays out on an open porch all day, and at night she stays on an enclosed porch. . . Do you know she eats at ten at night, and doesn't eat again until morning? . . . All of us held the baby for one minute; then I carried her to her little crib."

Ah, tiny babe, asleep within thy downy bed,
Knowing not thy mother sweet and father brave are dead;
Dead—and yet alive—and nevermore to die.
Called to service beautiful with God beyond the sky.
We know not why the Father left you here alone.
Alone—"yet not alone"—for He watches o'er His own.
We only know that God your tiny life did will;
And He His every purpose high within your life will fill.

Suchowfu, Kiangsu, China.

Jan.-March, 1934

E. H. H.

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p. 25

“NOT WORTHY TO BE COMPARED”

THE STORY OF JOHN AND BETTY STAM

and

“THE MIRACLE BABY”

HELEN PRISCILLA STAM

by

E. H. HAMILTON

REVISED EDITION

MARCH, 1936

FOREWORD TO SECOND EDITION.

"Necessity has been laid upon me"—by Dr. Scott, and others—to reprint this story of John and Betty Stam, and little Helen Priscilla. I would not dare print it without bringing "The Miracle Baby" up to date. And so, in January, 1936, I took a trip to Tsinan, Shantung, just to see and take in my arms little Helen Priscilla herself. She is as precious as I had hoped—and then some!

While in the home of Helen's grandparents, Dr. Scott put into my hands a loose-leaf volume of poems by Betty in her own dear handwriting. This had been rescued from the debris of John and Betty's home in Tsingteh, after the "Red" soldiers had looted the place. Reverently I fingered that precious book. How I would love to publish to the world all those beautiful songs! But I have space to reprint only a few—some which are most lyrical and lovely.

All who read this booklet will surely want to purchase and read the larger book by Mrs. Howard Taylor: "THE TRIUMPH OF JOHN AND BETTY STAM", published by the China Inland Mission. It is obtainable from bookstores, or direct from China Inland Mission Book Room, 237 West School Lane, Philadelphia, Pa., at 75 cts. for cloth binding, 40 cts. paper binding. This book has a wide sale, and has already passed through several editions.

"*The Christian*" (a leading British religious periodical) of November, 1935, while reviewing Mrs. Taylor's book, spoke of John's and Betty's sacrifice in the following words:

"Is anyone tempted to ask, 'Why this waste?' If so, let him read the story of two utterly consecrated lives that won the martyr's crown. Here indeed is 'spikenard very precious', freely poured out in sacrifice for the Lord. Already it is becoming manifest that *John and Betty Stam lived a whole lifetime in one brief day*. The faithful witness of these two has already resulted in hundreds of young lives being consecrated to missionary service, in America and elsewhere. Here is a book which should circulate widely. We have never read anything more deeply moving".

Suchowfu, Ku., China,
March, 1936

Yours, In Him,
E. H. H.



HELEN PRISCILLA STAM

One Year old (Sept. 11, 1935)

Sends you loving greetings

From Tsinan, Shantung, North China.

VIA CRUCIS

In Memoriam: To the Rev. John Cornelius Stam, and Elizabeth Alden Scott Stam, his wife, of the China Inland Mission, publicly murdered by soldiers of Chinese Communist Army unit, in Anhwei Province, at Miao Sheo, the forenoon of December 8th, 1934, "on a hill outside the city wall".

"Lai, Lai, Lai*!! See the Foreign Devils die!"
All the hate of hell did swell in that cursed cry!
Down the street the rabble soldiers rush pell mell,
They the pride of Moscow, they the hope of hell;
They in spirit kin to those who once did yell—
"Crucify! Crucify-!"

"Shame, shame, shame!" cried the people as they came;
"You must not kill the Jesus folk—they are not to blame.
They're good to everyone, and they love us all, we feel—"
The soldiers curse the people. Now a Christian man does kneel
To plead for them, and bleed, all heedless of the steel—
Himself to die for Jesus' Name.

See, see, see: there are not two, but three,
Who tread this day in Old Cathay the road to Calvary.

Christ's is the light that lights the eye,
As forth they go for Him, to die—

"To die is gain";

Christ's is the joy that brings a smile
That glorifies their faces, while

They suffer pain;

Christ's is the love that breathes a prayer
For the cursing murderers there

'Ere they are slain.

And so they go through the Chinese street:

With bleeding feet they haste to meet

To see the Christ, and reign

With Him eternally.

Suchowfu, Ku., China

December 21, 1934

*Chinese for "Come, Come, Come!"

Pronounced as "Lie".

E. H. Hamilton

"Not Somehow—But Triumphantly"

I have found out what the world would call the "technique" of John and Betty Stam. We know of course that the secret of their lives was hidden in those two verses which have become inseparably bound up with their sacrifice: John's, "*That Christ may be magnified in my body. . . whether by life, or by death*"; and Betty's, "*For me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain*". But how did they put that secret into operation? How did they bring that ideal down to our work-a-day world? In other words, what was their "technique"? I know.

Recently when in Tsinan, Betty's father placed in my hands a small box, several inches long, saying, "This was rescued from the looted home in Tsingteh". It contained a small bronze plaque on which was written in relief above a cross and crown the words: "*Not Somehow—But Triumphantly*". This motto Betty kept upon her desk, and Betty and John both kept within their hearts. While still at Moody Bible Institute Betty wrote the following, which John could with equal truth have uttered:

"If the Lord wants me to be one of the two hundred (new missionaries of the C.I.M.) nothing can touch me beyond His will. *It doesn't matter what happens in China*. If God wants those people to be given the last change before He comes, what does it matter if one or two hundred missionaries are captured by the Bandits, or succumb to famine, or sickness, or are in any way endangered, *provided only they do what they are meant of God to do!*"

A young China missionary wrote to Dr. and Mrs. Scott:

"God in His infinite mercy and wisdom has chosen Betty and John to be proof to all the world of the truth of Romans 8:35-39: 'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' And of the fifteen or more evils mentioned in the next few verses, Betty and John drank them to the dregs. Today before the world we have this message: '*John and Betty in all these things are more than conquerors through Him who loved them!*'"

"Not Somehow—But Triumphantly"



JOHN AND BETTY STAM

"NOT WORTHY TO BE COMPARED"

A Retrospect of the Glad Sacrifice of a Young Couple who took the Way of the Cross; and a Prospect of the "Glory that Shall be Revealed".

"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us". Rom. 8:18.

What Would You Do? What would you do, if a telegram should come to you saying that your eldest daughter, a bride of fourteen months, with her husband and two month old baby, had all been taken captive by murderous "Red" soldiers?

This is not a hypothetical question, but the actual condition that confronted my friends, Rev. and Mrs. Charles Ernest Scott of Tsinanfu, Shantung Province, China, recently, when (Dec. 10th) they received such a telegram from the China Inland Mission.

Of course you would *pray*, and call upon all your friends to *pray*. But I wonder if you, or I, would have had grace to write the letter which they sent forth that day:

American Presbyterian Mission,
Tsinan, Shantung, North China,
December 11, 1934.

Dear Friend:

At 10:30 last evening came the following telegram:

"SCOTT, PRESBYTERIAN MISSION, TSINAN.
REGRET (TO) REPORT WUHU TELEGRAPHS TSING
TEH, ANHWEI, LOOTED. STAMS REPORTED CAP-
TURED BY COMMUNISTS. CHINA INLAND MISSION".

Our last word from them was November 12th, as they were leaving Suan Cheng to man this pioneer station in a lonely mountainous region. Please pray that, if still on earth, Betty and John and the Babe, Helen Priscilla, may soon be released, and in health and safety—provided this is God's will for them.

Sincerely yours,

Charles Ernest Scott

Ps.62:8 "Trust in Him *at all times*; ye people, pour out your heart before Him; God is a refuge for us".

P.S.: A further telegram confirms Stams carried away by Communists.

"Father, if it be possible *nevertheless*, not my will, but Thine, be done".

The Powers of Darkness. And then came the terrible news: "JOHN AND BETTY STAM MURDERED BY REDS IN MIAO SHEO; NO NEWS OF BABY HELEN". How we suffered with our friends, as we thought of the agony of heart of Dr. and Mrs. Scott over their loss!

And day by day through the press fragments of new came through, until we could piece together the whole awful tragedy: The peaceful mountain-valley town in southern Anhwei; the sweet little missionary family which had just reached their station, and were settled in a small Chinese house—the only foreigners in all that region; the sudden invasion of a bloodthirsty horde of "Reds" who swept down upon the unsuspecting town from a high mountain pass; an orgy of pillaging, looting, burning, murder, and other unspeakable crimes; wild retreat, as "China's Red Army Marches", laden with loot, the most prized of all their booty being John and Betty Stam, with Baby Helen (not prized for the ransom they

would bring, but for the revenge the Reds could wreak on General Chiang Kai-Shek, who had defeated and scattered their armies in Kiangsi—for surely the cold-blooded murder of Americans would embarrass General Chiang with the foreign governments!) The painful, forced march of twelve miles to Miao Sheo; no easy march that for the young mother, just two months out of the hospital after a caesarian operation! The long, terrible night of waiting, tied to the foot of a Chinese bed. The next morning the powers of darkness loosed: John and Betty stripped, as was Christ, of nearly all their garments, and driven through the streets by the cursing, jeering, rabble Red soldiers, who call upon the shocked populace to come see the foreign devils die. (“These things the soldiers did”). The cords that cut into the flesh. The stations of the cross. The people pleading for the missionaries, only to be answered with kicks and cursings; and then the procession halting upon a little hill “outside the city wall”. The frenzied haranguing of the youthful Red soldier officers, who accuse the foreigners of assisting their enemy Chiang Kai-Shek in fighting the noble Soviets. One wild young Red more maddened than the rest leaping forward to sever with a knife the bare throat of John; Betty falling in merciful unconsciousness over John’s body, and then the blow that reunited them. . . .

No wonder the horror of it all laid hold of me: by day I could think of little else; and in the middle of the night I would wake to tread with John and Betty that *Via Dolorosa*. It haunted me, until a ballad of their suffering sang itself out of my heart, at midnight. I called it “*Via Crucis*”.

A Miracle. And then came a miracle that brought peace out of pain, and light out of darkness. This "miracle" was a letter from "Charles and Clara Scott", enclosing some of Betty's exquisite poems. Their own faith, and the absolute surrender of Betty and John to the will of God, made us lift our eyes from the horror, to see only the exceeding glory! On December 18th, in their Tsinan home, Dr. and Mrs. Scott had held A TRIUMPH SERVICE, "in thanksgiving to God for our two Shining Ones and their testimony, faithful and true, to the power and the love of God, even in facing martyrdom". Dr. Scott wrote:

"This service was conducted by the Rev. R. A. Torrey, Jr., dearly loved friend of Betty and John, who performed their marriage ceremony 25th October, 1933. Of the service, a spiritually discerning layman wrote, 'A marvellous and beautiful story perfectly told. With quiet reality it brought me into God's very Presence. Wonderful to join in such whole-hearted thanksgiving to Him whose mercy endureth forever. Their death is in truth a sharing of the Cross of Christ, the same love over against the same evil, and not overcome, but victorious!'"

Great Souls in Grief. From a young girl of our Mission (Sou. Presbyterian) who visited in the Scott home as she was enroute to school in Korea, came this intimate picture of how two great souls met a great grief:

"We three went to see Dr. Scott yesterday. He is a wonderful man. When they first heard that Betty and John were dead, they sent right over for Dr. Torrey to come over as soon as possible. Dr. Scott told him all he knew at that time; then they both went upstairs to see Mrs. Scott. Dr. Scott then offered a prayer and in the middle of it he broke down, but he kept right on. Then Dr. Torrey offered a prayer, and in the middle of it he broke down I think. And then dear Mrs. Scott offered a prayer,

and *there was not even a quiver in her voice*. Bunny, her daughter, said that in all this her mother had been given strength. She is a lovely woman in her faith."

"O woman, great is thy faith!" No wonder that friends who in those trying days went to the Scott home to comfort the mother and father of the martyrs, were themselves comforted in soul by Dr. and Mrs. Scott.

Equally beautiful is the faith of the parents of John Stam, Rev. and Mrs. Peter Stam, of the Star of Hope Mission in Paterson, New Jersey. Here is part of a letter written by them right after hearing of the murder of their son and daughter:

Paterson, N.J., U.S.A.,
December 15, 1934

To the Beloved Scott Family,

"For me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain" *Phil.1:21*.

"It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not. They are new every morning: great is Thy faithfulness". *Lam.3:23*.

These words from God's blessed Book were precious to our beloved children. They are now at rest. They are safe with Him, our glorious Head, our sympathizing High Priest. "Absent from the body (yes), but present with Him". Hallelujah! He thought them worthy of a martyr's death. What an honor! What glory will come to Him! We do weep, but underneath our tears is peace and satisfaction. "We now see through a glass darkly; we now know in part.".....

Beloved, we have daily prayed for you all, that the Lord would be gracious to you, as He is to us. Soon, we believe very soon, we shall see them with Him, who died to save them and us. Oh, that will be glory for us!

And in a letter dated later in the month, John's mother wrote:

I am so happy to learn that you in China and we in the U.S. can rejoice in the midst of great trials. Yes, we believe Romans 8:28. . . .

How precious is the Lord, who died to save us and them (2 Cor. 8:9). I am sure the Lord was with them, as He was with Daniel and the three Hebrew worthies. Surely He was with them in life and in death. Betty's motto: "For to me, to live is Christ and to die is gain". How true! How wonderful! In the night watches, I think of their texts.

We are so glad that in the trying moments of their life, they remembered their darling, and that she was rescued. How wonderful, how glorious! And surely God must love those dear Chinese women, and Pastor Lo. Of course we are anxious to hear from you about our darling Helen Priscilla.

Betty and John were surely a testimony in their short life, but a greater testimony in their death. They, being dead, yet speak over the entire world. May much glory come to the Lord, for He must have the preeminence. Yes, may many souls be saved through this dispensation of God's hand. *May be in glory we may meet some of these bandits. We pray for them*

The Lord bless you dear ones. Daily we remember you in prayer.

Yours lovingly,
(Signed) Mrs. Peter Stam

*Glams of
Glory* And then even as the beams of the rising sun pierce the darkness of earth, the gleams of the glory of the martyrdom of this "Shining Pair" dispelled all gloom within our hearts.

BETTY First there was their utter surrender to God's will, before they had come to China to witness for Christ. Betty had written to her father. ". . . I surrendered my all, even immost motive (so far as I know) to God's control". Upon her graduation from Moody Bible Institute, she gave her photograph to many

friends, and on it inscribed: "My life motto—'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain'" (Phil. 1:21) And in a great farewell meeting held at Philadelphia, her last words were: "Whether living or dying, I am the Lord's". Two of her poems especially reveal the depth and beauty of her loving surrender to Christ: "My Testimony", and "I Will Love Thee, O Lord, My Strength".

MY TESTIMONY

(On decision made for Service in China)

I.

And shall I fear
That there is anything
That men hold dear
Thou wouldst deprive me of,
And nothing give in place?

II.

That is not so,
For I can see Thy face;
I hear Thee now:
"My child, I died for thee;
And, if the gift
Of love and life you took from me,
Shall I one precious thing
Withhold to all eternity—
One beautiful and bright,
One pure and precious thing, withhold—
It cannot be".

Elizabeth Alden Scott

M.B.I. February 22, 1929
(Betty's 22nd birthday)

"I WILL LOVE THEE, O LORD, MY STRENGTH"

(Lines of Self-dedication to Christ)

O Jesus Christ, Thou Son of God,
And Son of Man;
Thy love no angel understands,
Nor mortal can!
Thy strength of soul, Thy cleanest purity,
Thy understanding heart of sympathy;
The vigor of Thy mind, Thy poetry,

Thy Heavenly wisdom, Thy simplicity—
Such sweetness and such power in harmony!
Thy perfect oneness with Thy God above,
The agony endured to show Thy love!
Thou who didst rise, triumphantly to prove
Thou art the Living God,
Before Whom Death and Hell
Must shake and move!
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou Son of Man,
Thou Son of God,
Grant me Thy face to see,
Thy voice to hear, Thy glory share,
Never apart from Thee,
Ever Thine own to be
Through all eternity, Amen

Elizabeth Alden Scott

M.B.I.

Sept. 1928.

JOHN. Equally genuine was John's own surrender to his Lord. In a letter received by his father just a few days before the news of the martyrdom, he told of the disturbed conditions prevailing throughout Anhwei Province, and said he knew the dangers of his work, but did not fear them. He enclosed a copy of the poem which God had given me after the martyrdom of John W. Vinson (Sou. Presbyterian Missionary) three years ago. When the bandits had threatened Vinson with a gun, and asked, "What, are you not afraid?", he had replied, "No, I am not afraid: if you kill me, I will go straight to Heaven!" And now another John tells his father, "This poem exactly expresses my feelings".

AFRAID? OF WHAT?

Afraid? Of What?

To feel the spirit's glad release?

To pass from pain to perfect peace,

The strife and strain of life to cease?

Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
Afraid to see the Saviour's face,
To hear His welcome, and to trace
The glory gleam from wounds of grace?
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
A flash—a crash—a pierced heart;
Darkness—light—O Heaven's art!
A wound of His a counterpart!
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
To enter into Heaven's rest,
And yet to serve the Master blest,
From service good to service best?
Afraid—of that?

Afraid? Of what?
To do by death what life could not—
Baptize with blood a stony plot,
Till souls shall blossom from the spot?
Afraid—of that?

— E. H. Hamilton

*John's Last
Letter*

The same calm spirit held John as he wrote his last letters, after he and Betty were actually in the hands of the Com-

munists:

Tsingteh, Anhwei,
December 6, 1934

China Inland Mission,
Shanghai.
Dear Brethren:

My wife, baby and myself are today in the hands of the Communists in the city of Tsingteh. Their demand is twenty thousand dollars for our release.

All our possessions and stores are in their hands, but we praise God for peace in our hearts, and for a meal tonight. God grant you wisdom in what you do, and us fortitude and courage, and peace of heart. He is able—and a wonderful Friend in such a time.

Things happened so quickly this A.M. They were in the city just a few hours after the everpersistent rumors really became alarming, so that we could not prepare in time. We were just too late.

The Lord bless and guide you and as for us,—may God be glorified, whether by life or by death, (Phil. 1:20).

In Him,

John C. Stam

This was written while John and Betty were captives in the Yamen Prison at Tsing Teh. The next day when John and Betty were prisoners in the Post Office at Miao Sheo, friends surreptitiously slipped him paper and pencil, and he wrote his last letter on earth. (The Post Master in that post office nearly lost his life for being kind to Betty and John):

Miao Sheo, Anhwei,

Dec. 7th, 1934

We are in the hands of the Communists here, being taken from Tsingteh when they passed through yesterday. *I tried to persuade them to let my wife and baby go back from Tsingteh with a letter to you, but they wouldn't let her,* and so we both made the trip to Miao Sheo today, my wife travelling part of the way on a horse.

They want \$20,000 before they will free us, which we have told them we are sure will not be paid. Famine relief money, and our personal money and effects are all in their hands.

God give you wisdom in what to do, and give us grace and fortitude. He is able.

Yours in Him,

(Signed) John C. Stam

TRULY JOHN AND BETTY WERE TWO "OF
WHOM THE WORLD WAS NOT WORTHY".

"*Splendor
of God*"

And now in ever brightening "splendor of God" shine beams of glory out of the darkness and shame of the tragedy: Instance their brave smiles as they were driven along the

road on the twelve mile retreat to Miao Sheo. On the way, when asked by an acquaintance where they were going, they smiled, and replied; "We do not know where these are going; but we are on our way to Heaven". The kindness of the natives, even to the point of pleading for the "foreign devils" in the face of cursings and abuse. The released prisoner who gave his own life that Baby Helen might be spared! (God's wonderful care of this "Miracle Baby" demands a separate chapter). The Chinese Christian, Mr. Chiang Shu-Sen, stepping out of his little medicine shop to kneel in pleading for his "Shepherd" before the fury of those bloodthirsty men, himself to die for Christ. (And to think that John Stan and the Chinese evangelist had been praying for this "weak brother", whom they feared had forsaken Christ and gone over to the Reds!) The courage of Mr. Lo the Colporteur, who risked capture and death to return to Miao Sheo, when he heard of the murder of his friends; the tenderness with which he and a dear old Christian lady (Miao Sheo's first convert) "prepared the bodies for the burial", she most probably giving up her own coffin and another coffin prepared for an elder in her family. (The Chinese often purchase their coffins years in advance of death, as a sort of "insurance"). The little service as the bodies were put into the coffins, which they hid away from the Reds. "They came, not for themselves, but to tell our people of God's love", said the evangelist. "They laid down their lives to bring you the Message of Salvation in Christ. Do not forget their Message". And above all, the likeness of their suffering to that of Him who gave His life on a hill "outside a city wall". "And

I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God. . . and they lived and reigned with Christ”.

The Grain of Wheat All this happened in a tiny valley of an inland province of a far-away country.

Would the world know? And if it knew, would this pleasure-loving, matter-of-fact world care? Hundreds of letters and telegrams to Dr. and Mrs. Scott have made reply, much as this note I have copied:

“You must rejoice to know of the wonderful testimony John and Betty’s martyrdom has been to this whole nation. We have marvelled at the way the papers have been willing to print not only the facts, but John’s beautiful letter, and the poem ‘Afraid?’, as well as interviews with the Stam family, in which they were able to testify of their faith”.

Dr. Scott himself writes about their seeming futile sacrifice:

“Both done to death, with snarling fury, and in savage contempt. Thus forsooth were the lives of two ‘foreign devils’ snuffed out, ignominiously (to all appearance), and in an unknown corner where their witness could never count. Nevertheless, their victory in Christ has been flashed to all the world; and the mightiest of all challenges flung forth by them to those with youth, health, education, and the love of Christ in their souls,—‘*Come and suffer for the Name*’”.

And they come. When a memorial service for John and Betty Stam was held at Moody Bible Institute, *over seven hundred* young men and women walked forward to the altar pledging themselves to take John’s and Betty’s places as witnesses for Christ, even to the point of death. At Wheaton College *over two hundred* offered them-

selves to Christ even unto death. And others are following in their train.

And what a challenge is that sacrifice to us who are serving Christ out here in "the regions beyond"! In a recent letter written from far off south Hunan Province, harassed by communists and bandits, Elizabeth and William Blackstone say:

"You've all heard, no doubt, of John and Betty Stain's 'Triumphal Entry' into Heaven. . . How their wonderful courage and calm in meeting death has inspired and lifted us all, we can't begin to tell you . . . Oh, we've prayed so through all this upset time that God might glorify Himself through us; but we're sure we could never meet death with the triumph and victory those two did. The way of Christ in China is the way of the Cross, and they made a blazing glory of that way. How many of the Chinese in that section will become Christians through their death nobody knows. As long as Christians can out-live and out-die those who do not know the 'Resurrection Life', nothing can stop its spread.

And after telling about perils from Reds and from bandits, especially in this famine year in Hunan, they add:

"... We've most anything but calm most of the time, but somehow since the Stam's heroism, we've learned a deeper meaning of trusting. It's meant greater joy for us, just to realize that God loves us more than we can possibly love each other, and 'all things work together for good to them that love the Lord'. *In the end everything will be for His greatest glory—and we don't want anything else*".

*"Lead on, O King Eternal, We follow, not with
fears,
For gladness breaks like morning where'er Thy
face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us: we journey in its light;
The crown awaits the conquest; lead on, O God
of Might"*.

Suchowfu, Kiangsu, China,
Jan.-March, 1935.

"NOT SOMEHOW—BUT TRIUMPHANTLY"

"Our future is pretty uncertain, but its very, very certainly in the hands of our loving Father, and He does nothing but what is infinitely good", wrote John Stam to a friend just a month before he was taken by the Communists.

"I would rather spend in China what I have left of life, even if it means a shorter life for me. . . Whether I live or die I am the Lord's", Betty Scott had said just as she left America for China.

John and Betty Stam did not reach this attitude of heart over night: it was the culmination of repeatedly giving Christ first place, sometimes not without intense struggle, in their lives.

In the spring of 1929 when Betty was at Moody Bible Institute, she felt for some reason that her surrender to Christ would not be complete unless she volunteered for service in Africa. Perhaps she considered that to return to China was like going back home, and there was in it an element of selfishness. Anyway she fought and won, for on May 26, 1929, Betty offered in her heart to go to Africa, instead of her beloved China, if God wanted her there. Two of her poems tell of this struggle and victory. We quote only a part of the first, "Follow Me", while the second, a sonnet, we quote in full:

"Is this the right road? Oh, Lord, I am lost!
For nothing I paid all that terrible cost!
This way is so muddy—beyond, Lord, it ends!"
"What is that to thee?
Follow, follow Me!"

I still do not see where the journey will end;
But I know from experience Thou art my friend,
And I know Thou hast planned every step of the way,

And Thou art leading me—
I follow, follow Thee!

MAY 26, 1929

Lord, there are things I do not understand—
The reason why Thou callest me to go
To Africa, when I love China so!
Lord, must I work alone in that dark land?
I'm willing, Lord, so Thou dost place Thy hand
To hold me up and shield me from the foe,
Subtle and strong—so very strong! I know
My puny strength can never make me stand.
In Thy dear hand, terribly pierced for me,
Shall all my peace, power, protection be.
Thy will is better than my brightest dream.
Hope shall surround me, lighting up my mind,
And faith support, which sees where sight is blind;
And the pure love of Christ shall through me gleam!

Another struggle and victory came when they “fell in love with each other” while still at Moody. John would not bind Betty to an engagement until he was sure the Lord did not want him to go alone to do pioneer work in the far northwest of China.

“Betty and I have prayed much about this” (he wrote his father) “Our hearts are set to do His will. But this is true, isn't it?—our wishes must not come first. The progress of God's work is the chief consideration”.

Upon receipt of John's letter, Father Stam remarked, “Those children are going to have God's choicest blessing! *When God is second, you will get second best, but when God is really first, you have His best!*”

And at the same time Betty wrote her parents:

“I didn't realize before what a lovely character John Stam is. It is a privilege to hear him pray; he goes deep. After these months of being good friends and comrades in Missionary Union work, Chinese Prayer Groups, etc. it looks as if John had become really interested in me. But he has promised the Lord that he would be willing to serve Him in some pioneer field alone, in connection with the Forward Movement, and *he does want the*

Lord's will to be done at any cost. He doesn't think a fellow should ask a girl to share such hardships. He has come to this decision after some struggle. Because I care for him so much, it has seemed good to me to commit the matter of getting married to the Lord, and I have definitely told the Lord that if He wanted me single too, I'd stay single. . . .

"I have been with John quite a little these last few days, and he's been wonderful in all he's said and hasn't said. He took me to the station this afternoon. The whole thing is absolutely in God's hands, and *I wouldn't dare to want anything or plan anything apart from His will.* The only thing is to keep so close to Him constantly that one recognizes His best will immediately . . . I'm not going to be a stumbling block to any man, especially to John Stam. And I feel sure that my part is to do nothing, and to do it nicely. He has been awfully nice to me, he really has, and as I mentioned before, our friendship hasn't suffered a bit, but rather been strengthened. . . .

"I really mean it when I say that God is all I need and desire, and I am crucified with Christ. Nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave Himself for me". (Gal.2:20).

"You know, *all this has not been without a struggle;* and there'll probably be more to come; but *I can trust God to give His best if I will accept nothing less.* I really wouldn't be satisfied with anybody else's best either, no matter how good and pleasant for them!"

Finally when God did let them pledge themselves to live "each for the other, both for Him", to whom but Betty Scott would have come the thought of taking the gold band her lover was to give her to that City whose streets are pure gold? On the "Heian Maru", as she was returning to China (October 23, 1931) she wrote to her John this—

RING SONNET.

Dearest, when thou desirest to buy a ring,—
Sweetheart, in this obey me without fail:
Give me no diamond which is for sale—
It is too glittering, too cold a thing.
Buy me no platinum; I cannot sing

Of such a metal, precious, but too pale!
And bandits' robbing soon would end the tale.
Thy love is more than ransom of a king;
It is enough that I should have thy heart.
And when thou take'st me, Lover, for thy bride,
Give me a ring of gold, not thick, nor wide,—
Pure gold like thee, God's fairest work of art.
I also thought: into the Heaven's new,
Where streets are gold, I might take thy ring, too.

E.A.S.

"MORE THAN CONQUERORS"

It is not surprising that this "Shining Pair" of overcomers should meet the supreme test and come off "more than conquerors through Him that loved them", facing death with a smile. At a memorial service to John and Betty, held in the Star of Hope Mission in Paterson, N. J. (Feb. 21, 1935), Mrs. Howard Taylor told us the secret of that smile:

"Once when younger, Dr. Taylor and I were face to face with death in a terrible riot. Thousands of people came to kill us. We fell into the hands of an angry mob, and were beaten and nearly killed; but in those terrible moments, when we thought any moment might be the last, the Lord Jesus seemed to come so near, and our hearts were filled with such a wonderful joy! We never had know anything like it before. wounded and suffering as we were, for three days after that, the joy that filled our hearts was so great that we were hardly conscious that we were on the earth. It seemed just as if the Lord came and stood there, and we could almost hear His voice as He said, 'I know all about it, and it is for Me'. I know that in the case of Betty and John too, He was there, and must have made Himself so near to them that their hearts also were flooded with that joy. . . ."

"Nothing has touched me so much, I think, as to hear that when those precious remains were found, there was a smile on the face of John Stam. *Of course there was a smile: the Lord Jesus was there!* And in those terrible hours, their hearts tasted something of the joy that never can be known until we share something of the fellowship of His sufferings".

In her poem "*Ambassador of Christ*", Betty wrote:

*"Come is the message the King sends to you,
"Believe" in your soul His salvation is true,
"Take" of the life of the dear Son of God,
And praising Him "Follow" the death way He trod.*

Betty and John Stam came, they believed, they took,
and they followed—

"Not Somehow—But Triumphantly"

SHALL WE?

THE MIRACLE BABY—
HELEN PRISCILLA STAM

(*Sequel to: "Not Worthy to be Compared".*)

At 3:15 P.M., September 11th, 1934, in the Mission Hospital in the old city of Wuhu, in the Yangtse Valley, China, wee Helen Priscilla Stam gave her first little cry. Her mother had gone into the "valley of the shadow" to give birth to baby Helen; and only the skill of a consecrated missionary surgeon, Dr. Hyla S. Watters, in performing the Caesarian operation, saved the life of the mother and the baby. But now, thank God! that wee baby cry, and the quiet breathing of the mother, told that all was well—and with joy the erstwhile anxious father sent a telegram to the baby's grandparents in Tsinan, Shantung (Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Scott): "Helen Priscilla born 3:15 p.m. today. Mother and babe doing well—John". The telegram arrived just as they had arisen from their knees as they prayed for their daughter Betty and this tiny baby.

John and Betty Stam, new missionaries of the China



Helen Priscilla Stam, safely delivered at the C.I.M. Home Wuhu, in the basket and clothes in which she lived during those wild and uncertain days of flight from the fury of the Reds. The outfit was made by Betty Stam, and in it she dressed Helen Priscilla the fatal morn after the Reds broke into their town.



How Evangelist Lo carried Helen Priscilla and his own baby for days, and hid them from the Reds. The baskets of precious contents safely delivered at the C.I.M Home, Wuhu, late December, 1934.

Left to right: Evangelist Lo, Nurse who attended at birth of Helen Priscilla (Sept. 11, 1934), Rev. Geo., Birch, (C.I.M.), Mrs. Lo, and Dr. Brown (Wuhu Hospital).

Inland Mission, named this miracle of God Helen Priscilla: Helen, after Betty's second sister; and Priscilla, after Priscilla Mullens, her Puritan ancestress, one of the Mayflower band, fourteen generations back, and mother of Elizabeth Alden (for whom Betty Scott had been named).

Grandmother Scott went down to Wuhu to help Betty with her first born babe for two weeks after leaving the hospital. Little did the young mother and the young grandmother dream, as they cuddled and coo'd and goo'd this bit of a baby, that before three months had passed she would be orphaned for the sake of Christ, her own life saved by the death of an unknown Chinese criminal, and that kindly breasts of unknown Chinese women in a distant town would suckle the babe, while her name was flashed round the earth to an anxious waiting world!

Two happy months went by. And now the little family was ready to move to their distant and lonely station in Southern Anhwei. Leaving Suan Cheng, the railhead, November 12th, they still had sixty-five slow miles overland before reaching their station, Tsinteh, tucked away in the mountains. Baby Helen's daddy had shortly before made a trip there, where he had rented and made somewhat livable a simple Chinese house, which was to be their home for less than three weeks. We can picture their busy life: the young mother not only tending to baby, but also giving that feminine touch to the house that transformed it into a home; the father opening packing-cases of simple furniture, dishes, and food-supplies, including many tins of baby food for Baby Helen.

On the wall of their little home they hung a motto and poem—silver letters on a green cardboard:

“MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND”

*He knows, and loves, and cares,
Nothing this truth can dim;
He gives His very best to those
Who leave the choice to Him.*

Near John's desk there was hung a wooden plaque bearing a picture of the Baby Moses being rescued at three months of age, just the age of his own precious baby; and underneath the picture were the words: “*He Cares for You*”.

Came the fateful morning of December 6th, when the “Reds” swept down upon the little town, bringing to the terror-stricken inhabitants a new meaning of the word “Red”. When the news that the Reds were approaching reached their ears, Betty was bathing the baby. Before tucking her carefully in the warm, pretty “cuddle-bunny” which she herself had made for little Helen, she pinned two five dollar notes inside the baby's clothes. Did she know in her heart that God would use this money to save the life of her little one?

Before they could flee, the Reds were within the city, looting and killing. The only ones in that city whose hearts were made glad were the prisoners in the jail the doors of which were thrown open to let them join their fellow-murderers without. And now were to be fulfilled the words of Christ for John and Betty Stam, with Baby Helen: “Thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not!”

Their faithful cook and nursemaid wanted to go with them, but the Reds threatened their lives, so they

desisted. "It's all right", Betty whispered to them, "It is better that you stay here. If anything happens to us, you take care of baby".

As they were driven through the streets, the baby, frightened by the rifle fire on every hand, began to cry. One Red, more heartless than the rest, struck terror to the heart of John and Betty Stam, with the words: "Let's kill the baby; it gets in our way". And then God wrought another miracle. It is clear that someone interceded for the baby, and the child's life was not destroyed. But there is a stirring story abroad, told to Rev. Mr. Hanna of the C.I.M. by some who claimed they spoke the truth (but which has yet to be verified). They claimed that from that blood-thirsty horde there stepped forth a man, one of the freed prisoners, who said, "Why kill her? She hasn't done anything to anybody?" Whereupon the Reds shrieked at him, "Are you a Christian?" "No, I a not. I am one of the prisoners you have freed from the jail". (And he was not, in name; for he had not heard of Him who said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends"!)

The Reds cried out, "who will die for this Foreign Devil baby?" "I will", answered this strange "criminal", and then as John and Betty hugged their ransomed baby tighter to their hearts, they saw this man hacked to death before their eyes. And who shall say, if the story is true, that he did not join the thief in Paradise, saved by the blood of Him Whom though he knew not yet he followed? (Dr. Scott is planning a trip to Tsing Teh, and Miao Sheo, later on, after the Red danger has passed entirely, to ascertain the truth of this and other reports. But should this account prove

erroneous, it would not affect the many ascertained facts of God's miraculous dealing with Baby Helen Priscilla.)

Strangely contradictory, the Reds allowed John to return under guard from their temporary prison to his looted home to get some tinned milk "as an emergency" for Baby Helen. "There is none left", said his cook, weeping; "Everything in the way of provisions has been seized by the Communists". Did John at that moment look upon the picture of God saving three-months old Moses, and read the words "He cares for You"? Anyway he comforted the cook with the words, "*Never mind. Our Heavenly Father knows all about it. He will provide!*"

All the world now knows how John and Betty Stam trod those two days the Way of the Cross, till they laid down their lives, "beheaded for Jesus' sake" on a little hill outside the city wall of Miao Sheo. And now let us trace Baby Helen's part in the tragedy, as told by the Rev. Howard Van Dyck, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in Wuhu:

"But what of the baby girl? The parents with hands bound had walked calmly to their death. But, leaving their child behind. what emotions must have surged through that tender mother heart! May we not believe that the same faith which sustained them on that Via Dolorosa also assured her of guardian angels watching over where the young child lay? How else may we account for the fact that for a day and a half that baby remained in a deserted house, unfed, uncared for by human hands, and yet unharmed? Though neighbors knew she was there, nobody dared bring her out or even speak of her presence, for fear of Red spies. Even when Evangelist Lo returned, only by stealthy pointing to the house was he secretly directed to the child. And there he found the eleven weeks old Helen Priscilla, lying on the bed where her parents had left her, still warmly wrapped in her 'cuddlebunny', and with two five-dollar notes pinned in her garments, eloquent

farewell message of a mother's love and care. (These notes paid for the travel of her rescuers, and for the baby's milk, as they carried her back to Wuhu; as we shall see later).

"Of course he took her at once to Mrs. Lo, and soon found nursing mothers who dared to feed the child. But with spies about, and the whole Red Army only twenty miles away, it was imperative to flee, so the little family . . . set out at once, carrying on a pole over one man's shoulder two bushel baskets Mr. Lo's child in one, and Helen Priscilla in the other".

Before we let Mr. Van Dyck describe the journey back to Wuhu, we must note how wonderfully God had prepared to care for His tiny babe. One link in the miracle was Mrs. Lo's being there in Miao Sheo. The Chinese Evangelists usually leave their families at home when they are itinerating, but "Mr. Lo *this time, for some unaccountable reason*, took his wife and babe with him from his home in north Anhwei (north of the great Yangtse) to his pioneer field of work. Had she not been along, Helen Priscilla would probably have perished." Another link in this chain of miracles, was the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Lo to Miao Sheo just before the arrival of John and Betty; and still another was the way the only man Christian in the town (who afterward gave his life for John and Betty) secured the release of Evangelist Lo, after the Reds had seized Lo (supposing him to be a local head man) and were about to kill him. Another Providence was the way Lo dared to return to Miao Sheo a day or two later, when he heard that two foreigners had been killed by Reds there.

Mrs. Lo had with her her little boy who two years before had been born in the Hospital at Wuhu. She couldn't nurse it, and there the doctor (perhaps Dr. Hyla Watters) taught her how to prepare dry milk for infant feeding. In gratitude Mrs. Lo named the child "Born-

in-the-Hospital Lo". Now in rapid succession, we add three more links to the chain of miracles. (1) At first after Mr. and Mrs. Lo had fled with the two babies, they were able to find nursing mothers, strong and young, along the way. (2) Then when these failed, they found the two \$5.00 bills hidden away in Helen Priscilla's sleeping bag. (Their own money had all been taken by the Communists). And (3) they came upon a little town tucked away in the mountains with a store in it that, strange to say, had a tin of Lactogen (Dry milk powder)! And here God had brought together Helen Priscilla the money to buy the milk, the tin of dry milk (perhaps the only tin in the county); and the only woman in all that part of China who knew how and when to prepare and give the milk to a baby! *If a single link in this long chain of miracles had been broken, perhaps little Helen Priscilla would not be living today!*

Now Mr. Van Dyck will trace for us that long journey back to Wuhu:

"The road they took is very familiar to me, and I can picture their anxious progress among those hills, relieved somewhat when they crossed the sixteen massive arches of San Chi's stone bridge; but troubled again as they glanced at the jagged peaks to their left, thought of the Reds beyond that mountain wall, and wondered if new dangers would intercept them at King Hsien. But those forty miles and that danger point were passed safely, and also the remaining thirty-five miles to Suan Cheng, the railhead, where they exchanged the slow days on foot for swift hours on rail; and brought to Wuhu a week ahead of her parents' coffins, this little bundle of comfort, who is now with Grandma Scott in Shantung."

The doctors in Wuhu had made elaborate preparations to receive the baby. They were amazed at her complete soundness! They later told Dr. Scott that they

could not explain naturally how the tiny baby came through such an ordeal safe and well. Logically, they said, she should have died of winter exposure or dysentery; or have suffered greatly from direct and sudden change from her own mother's milk and that of Chinese brothers, to dry powdered milk. But here she was, in perfect health! Dr. Scott's comment was: "*When the Lord works a miracle, He does it completely!*"

Once in Wuhu, the Miracle Baby was cared for by Miss Woolsey, as though it were her very own, before she and Mr. Hanna of the China Inland Mission took Baby Helen on her next long journey, of two days and one night by boat and train from Wuhu to Tsinanfu, Shantung. Hardly anybody in Wuhu knew that the baby was there, and she was carefully guarded while there and enroute to Shantung by Mr. Hanna himself, for fear of the Reds.

One day a movie man came to Wuhu to take pictures of the baby. He arrived at 11:00 o'clock A. M. The baby had gone to sleep. He asked the nurse to wake her from her nap; but she refused to do that. He was anxious to get the film on a President boat for America the next day. The nurse told him he could come at two o'clock when the baby was awake. The man was all ready to snap the baby when she was brought out of the door. Just as she was brought out, who should walk in at the same moment but Mr. and Mrs. Lo and their family! This was just what the movie man wanted; so he took the pictures, and by using the plane from Nanking to Shanghai, he was able to get the pictures there, in time to catch the steamer for America!

Baby Helen stood the long trip to Tsinan beautifully, arriving there in the same warm, blue "cuddle-bunny" in which her sainted mother had trucked her ere she kissed her and left her in the angel's care back in the old Chinese hut in Anhwei.

"To me it is nothing less than a miracle", [wrote the baby's grandmother, Mrs. Scott,] "that Baby Helen Priscilla has been spared. My husband said this morning, 'All the hordes of wicked Communists couldn't harm that helpless babe, if it were the Lord's purpose to have her live to glorify His name and show His power'. We know that even more He could have delivered Betty and John from their captors, had that been His will for them. We feel that the care and bringing up of this precious life is a blessed responsibility, and will need the prayers of you all to help us in this great privilege."

One more little picture of the Miracle Baby before we leave her with her adoring grandparents in Tsinan; and this picture is drawn by a young girl who was enroute to Korea to go to school, writing to her mother. (And who can "rave" over a baby more than a young girl?):

"Right after breakfast Edith and I went over to see the World Baby—Helen Priscilla Stam. Mother, when I started to talk to her, she gave me the cutest smile you ever saw in your life. Then after a while, she laughed right out loud. After a while the other kids and Uncle Mac came over. All of us except Uncle Mac saw the baby take her bath. She was the cutest thing. She could hold her head up as well as a six months old baby, and she is only three and a half months. The baby stays out on an open porch all day, and at night she stays on an enclosed porch. . . Do you know she eats at ten at night, and doesn't eat again until morning? . . . All of us held the baby for one minute; then I carried her to her little crib."

* * * *

Ah, tiny babe, asleep within thy downy bed,
Knowing not thy mother sweet and father brave are dead;
Dead—and yet alive—and nevermore to die.
Called to service beautiful with God beyond the sky.

We know not why the Father left you here alone.
Alone—"yet not alone"—for He watches o'er His own.
We only know that God your tiny life did will;
And He His every purpose high within your life will fill.

Suchowfu, Kiangsu, China.
Jan.-March, 1935.

E. H. H.

“BOUGH BAY”

A year has gone by. I am now in the lovely living room of Dr. and Mrs. Scott's home in Tsinan. The walls on four sides are lined with choice books. But my gaze now is not upon these treasures, but upon a far more precious treasure in the centre of the room—little Helen Priscilla herself, who this moment is smiling into my face with sweetest winsomeness. The Chinese call her “Bough Bay”—“Precious—and she is precious in deed as well as in name.

“Bough Bay” has big blue eyes, like her sainted mother's, and long dark lashes, plump rosy cheeks, and the sweetest bit of a mouth. She is sturdy and large for her age, a picture of blooming health, just as though she had jumped to life from the cover of a “Good Housekeeping” Magazine. Her health is not just accidental. Her grandmother—and granddaddy too!—are raising her on the latest model of Holt, plus the accumulated experience of a lifetime. (And those who have known their children, from Betty to Kenneth, all agree that Dr. and Mrs. Scott rate “A-plus” in their Child-Training laboratory work).

Helen Priscilla loves to look at picture books by the hour, and is very fond of music. Night before last, when she was tucked into her “kiddie-koop” for the night, her grandfather and I stood in the gloom by her bed, and sang, with the guitar, “Beautiful Isle” and “Jesus Loves Me”. She lay there with her big blue eyes beaming as she listened. When the music ceased, Dr. Scott and I tip-toed out of the room, and closed the door. A second later a terrific “WOW” came from the nursery! We did not respond to the uproarious encore, and in a moment

the "audience" had quieted down. Last night we repeated the performance, and when we slipped out of the room, all was still, and serene. "Bough Bay" too is learning to sing. She can carry the tune of the first line of "Jesus Loves Me This I Know". I have heard her twice hum the first line till she comes to the last two words, and then sing out loud, "I KNOW".

God has given Helen two of the dearest little playmates in the world, living right in the house with her: Carol and Donny Mahy. Their mother is Helen Priscilla's Aunt Helen, for whom she was named. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mahy have come out to China "to take John and Betty's place" (He was dean of Witherspoon College in Kentucky); and in order for them to study the language unimpeded, at the North China Language School, Peiping, this year, Grandmother Scott has volunteered to take care of Carol and Donny along with Helen Priscilla. She's a wonder—that little grandmother, and the three bairns love her dearly.

Little Helen Priscilla Stam has one distinction: *she is the youngest child in the world to be officially registered in an American college.* This happened in a beautiful way. At the time of the martyrdom of Betty and John, Dr. Warfield, President of Wilson College, Betty's alma mater, was just recovering from a serious illness. He left his bed to lead the college chapel that morning. A Wilson College Professor wrote of that service:

*She Has Taken the World
Into Her Wee Arms;
And the World Has Taken Her In.*

Little Helen Priscilla, on her first birthday, (September 11, 1935), with her nurse, Mrs. Jo. Taken at her maternal grandparents' home, Tsinan, Shantung Province, China.

BABY SONG

Written by Helen Priscilla's Mother

*Soft little creases
For wee neck and wrist,
Little star fingers,
Made to be kissed.*

*Sea shell, pearly shell,
Ears pink and white,
Baby bud, rose bud,
Curl up for the night.*

M. B. I.
Dec. 1928.

Elizabeth A. Scott.



My nice nurse, Chou da sao, and I.
Today (11 Sept. '35) I'm 1 year old. So, send you *big* love.
Counting on your prayers Helen Priscilla.

"Tremblingly he ascended the platform, and with a voice broken with emotion, he spoke of Betty and the baby, and claimed the latter for Wilson College, in the sweetest paternal fashion, as only *he* could. There was scarcely a dry eye in the room. The girls said, '*I shall never forget this service as long as I live*'".

The Wilson College girls enthusiastically laid hold of President Warfield's suggestion, and at once the college took the unique step of making Helen Priscilla Stam "The College Baby", providing all her college expenses; and the Registrar has officially entered her in the Class of 1956!

A little eleven year old girl living in London sent Baby Helen Priscilla a card for her first birthday, and in a letter accompanying it, she spoke for us all when she said:

"I think that Jesus saved Helen for a great purpose, don't you?"
Tsinan, Sung.
January, 1936.

E. H. H.

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